

Folsom Prison Blues

12/8/20

Intro: [G] [G] [G] [G]

I [G] hear the train a comin'; it's rollin' 'round the bend,
And I ain't seen the sunshine since [G7] I don't know when.
I'm [C] stuck in Folsom Prison and time keeps draggin' [G] on.
But that [D7] train keeps a-rollin'
(No uke) on down to San An[G]tone.

When [G] I was just a baby, my mama told me, "Son,
Always be a good boy; don't [G7] ever play with guns."
But I [C] shot a man in Reno, just to watch him [G] die.
When I [D7] hear that whistle blowin'
(No uke) I hang my head and [G] cry.

I [G] bet there's rich folks eatin' in a fancy dining car.
They're prob'ly drinkin' coffee and [G7] smokin' big cigars,
Well I [C] know I had it comin', I know I can't be [G] free,
But those [D7] people keep a-movin',
(No uke) and that's what tortures [G] me.

Well, if they [G] freed me from this prison, if that railroad train was mine,
I bet I'd move it on a little [G7] farther down the line,
Far from [C] Folsom Prison, that's where I want to [G] stay,
And I'd [D7] let that lonesome whistle
(No uke) blow my blues a-[G] way [F#↓] [G↓]

